CONSTANCY.

BY WM. HAUGHTON.

I saw, to-day, a curious sight—
  A sight I pondered long—
A mockery to the summer's light
  And woodbird's song:
A withered tree around whose base
An ivy twined with matchless grace
'Till to its top the tendrils clung
Where sweetly sad a robin sung.

"Why singest thou, O, bird?" I said.
  "Thy home is bleak and bare:
No branch is bending o'er thy head:
  No shelter there!
And thou, O, vine, why dost thou cling
To such a withered, lifeless thing?
No beauty were thy tendrils twine;
No leaflets touch their lips to thine."

You might not hear the voice I heard,
  For it was sad and low—
Love learns its language from the bird,
  And buds that blow:
It bends its heart beside the flower
And hears it dream of twilight's hour;
From vine, and leaf, and shadowy tree
It catches gems of melody.

Thus sang the bird: "In spring's sweet time,
  Through many an opening year,
I sought and found in this far clime
  A shelter here.
Ah! then 'twas green, and all day long
We filled these happy aisles with song;
My nest was on this sheltering bough—
I love and cannot leave it now."

And said the vine: "One balmy spring
  I nestled 'neath this tree—
When I was but a tiny thing
  It sheltered me
Ere storm-struck and in sad decay,
'Twas my support from day to day;
I loved it in its sad decline,
And robed it with these leaves of mine."

O, constant bird!—O, clinging vine!
  There's many a breaking heart
That bears in this sweet love of thine
  Its counterpart!
Through want and sorrow, pain and grief,
No shelter given by one green leaf,
Yet clinging, downward to the grave
Would hide the soul it cannot save!

THE TRAIN-GUARD.

A Story of Old Army Days.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

AM Sergeant David Perry, at your service. For fifty years I was a soldier in the army of the United States, and, as you may imagine, I saw some rather stirring times in the wars that our country has engaged in during that long period. Now I am rather battered and worse for wear, and I have two or three old wounds that need a great deal of nursing. If I were a General or a Colonel I should be on the retired list; as it is, I have an honorable discharge, after more than half a dozen enlistments, and a pension from the Government which is sufficient for my humble wants. My days of duty and activity being over, the desire to tell about what I have experienced comes quite naturally to me, and as it has become quite the fashion lately for military men of high rank to put their memoirs in print, it may be that a contribution from an old cavalry sergeant would not come amiss. I propose to tell the story of a rather remarkable adventure that I once had in Northern Texas.

It was shortly after the close of the Mexican war. I was ordered from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, and thence to Galveston, where I was directed to report to Lieutenant Wilson, at the barracks. I found there sixty-five soldiers, whom I was ordered to drill in the cavalry tactics, mounted and dismounted. They were a strange lot, indeed. Half of them were raw recruits who had never mounted a horse or handled a carbine, and who had been stopped at this point on their way to the front by the news of the armistice. They had been mainly picked up by the recruiting officers in the cities, and after looking them over, I concluded that they were not likely to be of great value to the army. The other half of the detachment was still worse. To speak plainly, they were shirks, deserters, and malingerers, whose records of unfaithful service and punishment had been sent here with them. And it was this set of fellows that the Lieutenant informed me I was expected to put into shape with all speed for some kind of important service. I was too old a soldier to grumble, and I went at the distasteful duty with as much zeal as was possible. In a month I was able to report to the Lieutenant that the detachment was tolerably schooled; and after inspecting it and witnessing one of my drills, he said that he thought he might report it fit for duty.

Our orders came ten days later. The men were merely told to be ready to move at a moment's notice; but to me the Lieutenant imparted the instructions he had received—or part of them. We were to embark on a steamboat large enough to transport the whole detachment, horses and all, three large army wagons, and an ambulance. Entering the Brazos River (it being the spring of the year, and high water), we were to ascend it some three hundred miles, to the head of navigation, then disembark, and take the route for a fort which was situated well up toward the Indian Territory.

"To take them supplies, sir, I suppose," I remarked to the Lieutenant. He said "Yes;" but he said it in such a way as to make me surmise that this was not the whole object of the long journey. Of course, I wanted to know all about it; but a proper military subordination told me to hold my tongue, and wait till the time came for me to know.

It came soon enough!

The day before we embarked on the steamer the Lieutenant had a final muster and inspection of his command. The men had received new uniforms, and looked very smart as they were drawn up in line. After inspection, the Lieutenant made them a little speech. He was a very handsome officer, Lieutenant George Wilson, about thirty years old, and as straight as an arrow. He had not served in Mexico, but he had seen a great deal of Indian fighting, which I supposed to be the reason that he was assigned to command this expedition. He told the men that they were going to guard a convoy of supplies and stores to a fort near the north line of the State. He did not expect that the duty would be either perilous or fatiguing; but if it proved to be both, it must be done with the utmost fidelity. He knew the country and understood his orders, and everything possible would be done for the comfort and safety of the command; but one thing he should require—absolute, unquestioning obedience to his orders. He also said that he knew that some of the men came to him with bad records. He would promise them that they should be treated as well as the others; and he hoped and expected that they would embrace this opportunity to make a new beginning, and try to make soldiers of themselves.

When the ranks were broken, as I walked across the barrack-yard, I overheard a few words exchanged between two of the men. One was a Swede, almost a giant in size and strength, whose record was one of the worst of the lot; the other was a recruit, a native Texan, who, I was told, had been lately in the penitentiary.

"What d'ye think of him?" asked the latter.

"Bah!" replied the other, snapping his fingers contemptuously. "*That* for him! I've made bigger men than he look white."

"It will be safe to keep an eye on *you*, at all events," was my thought.

Our embarkation and long passage up the Brazos were duly accomplished. The evening before we left the steamer an incident happened that was to have an important bearing on the fortunes of the expedition. I noticed one of the men sitting apart from the others, near the bow, looking rather pensively over the side at the turbid stream. He was a slender, fresh-complexioned young fellow, with a bright, blue eye, and an almost boyish face. I had noticed him before, and now remembered that his name was Alfred West. Some impulse led me to speak to him.

"Well, Alfred, how are you feeling?"

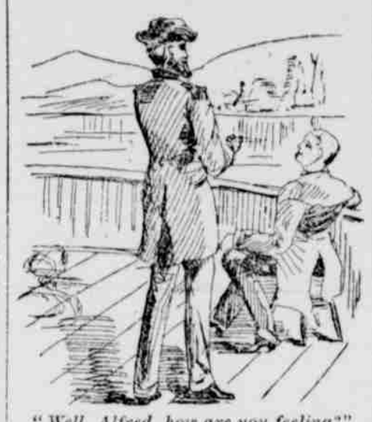
He looked up with a quizzical expression, trying to smile, but hardly able to, and replied:

"Why, Sergeant, to tell the truth—just a little homesi "

"Pshaw, man; that won't do for a soldier."

"Of course not; but it's not a bad attack. I said *just a little*, you know."

He was laughing, now, at his own words. I became suddenly interested in him, and, after a little more conversation, I had no difficulty in getting him to tell me his story. He was the son of a wealthy farmer of Livingston County, New York. His youthful fancy had become fired by the newspaper accounts of the earlier battles of the Mexican war, and he had run away from home to enlist. He was too young at the time, being only sixteen, but his determination to be a soldier had prompted him to tell a falsehood, and declare himself two years older; and he was accepted. The hard reality had proved a very different thing from the bright picture of a soldier's life which he had drawn. Instead of active service in Mexico, he had seen nothing of army life but the barracks, the parade-ground, and the holds of transports. He had tried his very best, he said, to learn his duty, and do it; but the life, so far, had been distasteful to him, and at times he had been dreadfully homesick. He had written to his parents from several places to tell them that he was well, and there he smiled dolefully) contented; but pride had prevented him from telling them that he had enlisted.



"Well, Alfred, how are you feeling?"

The young fellow was so different from all the others that as soon as I heard his story I warmed to him. In my blunt way I told him to keep up good heart and courage, and that I would be his friend. I pointed out to him that five years, his term of enlistment, would soon pass, leaving him still a very young man, and with a stock of experience and discipline that would be of the greatest value to him in his future life.

"As for your parents," I said, "you have wronged them; first, by leaving home without their consent; second by deceiving them as to your present situation. I'll ask Lieutenant Wilson for leave for you to go into the cabin and use his writing materials, and do you sit right down and pen them a long letter, telling them the whole truth, and send it back to Galveston by the steamer. And you may say, if you please, that you have found one friend, and his name is Sergeant Perry."

He grabbed my hand and wrung it hard.

"God bless you, Sergeant," he said. "I have been hungering for some one to talk to me like this. I feel stronger already. Yes, I'll do just as you say. Thank you, ten thousand times!"

We disembarked near the site of the present town of Washington, and after spending three days in camp, to get all our arrangements thoroughly made for the route, we started. Our habitual order of march was, the wagons and ambulance in the center, with a column of fours in advance and one at the rear, and flankers, advance and rear guards well thrown out, to guard against surprise. At night the camp was formed around the wagons, and pickets were well posted. All this proved to me that our Lieutenant was a thorough soldier; but his own vigilance was untiring. On half the nights of that march he went around himself, inspecting the pickets; and when he did not, I had his orders to do it. As we progressed further from the settlements we saw occasional parties of roving Indians, but not in strong enough force to cause us any apprehension. They would ride to about three hundred yards of our column, survey us attentively, and then scamper off. Some of the men proposed to try the range of their carbines on them, but the Lieutenant sternly forbade any exhibition of hostility unless we were actually attacked.

I had observed on the steamboat a man dressed in the uniform of a Major on the staff, and upon the march I saw that he occupied the ambulance, never riding anywhere else. He messed with the Lieutenant, and several times on the route I saw the latter ride up to the ambulance, part the curtains, and lean over his saddle as if talking with the person inside. But the Major never exercised any command, and seemed to be merely a passenger. Several times I was asked by some of the men what that officer was along for. My reply always was that I did not know; that I supposed he was stationed at the fort, and was returning there; and I usually added that it was none of their business. Not but that I felt quite as much curiosity about it as they did, but military people rather like to snub their subordinates once in a while, you know.

One morning, when we had been on the route for about two hours, Lieutenant Wilson came up to the head of the column and asked me to ride ahead with him. We took an easy gallop, and soon passed the advance guard, riding perhaps two hundred yards beyond them before he brought his horse to a walk.

"I suppose this wouldn't ordinarily be considered safe," he said; "but, as you know, we have seen no Indians for two days, and I very much want to speak with you where we cannot be overheard. By my calculations it will be at least four days yet before we can reach the fort, and my responsibility be at an end. It has been weighing on me severely, Sergeant; and since you would be in command should I be disabled, I think you ought to know the whole truth about the service we are on. I have talked with the Major about it, and he agrees with me. So I'll tell you. Haven't you had any suspicion of the facts?"

"No, sir—except that I thought it rather strange that it was thought necessary to send all this force six hundred miles merely to escort one officer and three wagon-loads of provisions and stores."

"Why, of course that was not the real object; and, considering what a hard set some of our men are, I am very glad to find that the truth hasn't leaked out. The fact is——"

There was a sudden whistling in the air, the Lieutenant fell from his saddle, and my horse stumbled and rolled dead on the ground. Struggling to my feet I saw a dozen mounted Apaches burst from a wood near by and bear down on me, uttering the most frightful cries as they came on. I think that my promptness alone preserved

The Lieutenant fell from his saddle.

me. The advance guard was about the same distance from me as were the Indians, but coming at a walk. I yelled to them at the top of my voice:

"Gallop—charge!—fire as you come!"

They obeyed on the instant, and after them came that part of the column that was ahead of the wagons. I stood with both revolvers ready, but seeing the force that was at hand, the Indians pulled short up, turned, and rode off.

My poor Lieutenant! He lay on his back with one of their devilish arrows driven through his breast. I knelt down beside him and saw that he was just dying. He motioned me to put my ear to his lips, and this is what he said:

"The Major will tell you. O, my poor mother!"

Brave and tender soul—true to duty and to filial love to the last.

We halted on the spot where he died, and remained there that day and the next.

I consulted with the Major, and we agreed that for the present he must be buried there. We made a rude coffin, dug his grave under a stately live-oak and laid him in it. The Major read the burial-service, and I had three volleys fired over him. Peace to the ashes of as brave a soldier as ever wore the blue!

After the funeral the Major took me aside, with a face full of anxiety.

"I suppose, Sergeant," he said, "that poor George told you about me?"

"No, sir; he did not. He was just about to tell me, when he was killed."

"Well, you must know. I need not tell you to keep it to yourself. I am Major Richmond, an army paymaster. My errand up at the fort is to pay the troops there some long arrears. In that ambulance are two boxes, each of which contains at this moment ten thousand dollars. This escort's real business is to protect that money. The death of the Lieutenant puts the whole burden on you. I am a paymaster, and nothing else. Though I have relative rank, I never had a command, and hardly know one end of a carbine from the other. But I have the utmost confidence in you, Sergeant; I know George had, and I've watched you myself. I know you'll do your best."

I was completely overwhelmed by this intelligence, but I managed to thank the Major, and tell him that I had neither parents, wife, nor child—that the military service of the United States was my sweetheart, and that I would die before I knowingly failed in my duty.

While we remained at this camp, I hardly slept, and at the end of the next day's march, although wearied in body, I was so oppressed by the sense of my great responsibility that I was still unable to sleep. Late at night, after visiting the pickets and cautioning them to be vigilant, I was dozing by the fire, starting up at every noise, when I heard a low voice near by.

"Hist, Sergeant!"

"What is it?"

"Don't speak loud; come this way—here, by the wagon. I am Alfred West."

I should explain, that ever since my conversation with the boy-soldier on the steamboat he had been so prompt and ready about his duty that he had attracted the attention of Lieutenant Wilson, who, on my recommendation, had made him acting, or, as we say, *lance* corporal. As such he was at the head of the advance-guard which charged up so promptly and saved me from the Apaches at the time of the Lieutenant's death. Recognizing his voice, I now quickly walked over to where he stood; and there, concealed by the shadow of the wagon, and talking in a whisper, he gave me the most startling intelligence. To repeat all of our conversation here would extend my story beyond all bounds; it will be sufficient for me to tell the substance of it.

It appeared that the secret of the paymaster's treasure in the ambulance had been discovered by some of the men on the day we left the steamboat. Since then, under the management of the Swede and the Texan, a plot had been formed to mutiny, seize the treasure, divide it, and turn back to the nearest settlements, where the whole command would scatter and desert. The ringleaders of this conspiracy had been very skillful and cautious in developing it, and Alfred thought that all the "old soldiers" were committed to it. Some of the recruits had hesitated, but had been overcome by threats and persuasions, and all had promised that at least they would be silent, and not obstruct the execution of the plot. The death of the Lieutenant had precipitated matters, the Swede assuring

He gave me the most startling intelligence.

his confederates that he could easily walk over the Sergeant. The moment to strike had actually been fixed; the signal was to be the "boots and saddles" call the next morning.

"As for me," said my faithful Corporal, "when the design was first whispered to me, I saw at once that there was no way but to appear to consent. They are desperate fellows; if I had not acted so as to give them every assurance that I was heartily with them, I should have been murdered long ere this. They have not the least suspicion of me. Now tell me what to do, Sergeant, and you can depend on my standing by you to the last."

Perhaps during my whole army service I was never set face to face with so grave an emergency as this. But I did not lose my head. I thanked Alfred warmly, and told him that if we succeeded in defeating the designs of the mutineers, it would be mainly owing to his fidelity and caution. With a few words of instruction from me he went back to his blanket-bed and saddle-pillow, and I went to the ambulance and aroused the Major. He listened to my story—and then what do you suppose he said? I was never more surprised in my life. The man who had lately been telling me that he was no combatant, that he was a soldier only so far as the uniform went, and hardly knew the breech of a carbine from the muzzle, now got out two great navy revolvers from his trunk, capped them afresh, and said to me as coolly as if he were asking for the time of day:

"Sergeant, George and I both rather expected something of this kind, and he told me before we left Galveston that I must be prepared for it. You see I am. Go ahead; you're commander-in-chief; but when the trouble comes, you'll find me on hand."

We sat up till daylight, talking over the situation. Reveille came; the detachment fell in for roll-call as usual, and each man answered to his name. The breakfasts were cooked and eaten, and the horses fed and groomed; and then the bugler sounded the "boots and saddles."

Not a man stirred.

I stood about five paces in front of the ambulance; the Major sat on the step with his hands in his pockets, looking on with apparent unconcern.

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed. "To horse, every man of you!"

A dozen of the recruits seemed about to obey, when the Swede spoke out loudly and insolently:

"I would like to see the man that stirs!"

He walked straight toward me, his carbine in his hands, the Texan closely following him. Eight or ten of the worst characters advanced a little, and then stood still. All the others sat or stood around, looking on and waiting developments.

The two ringleaders did not hesitate an instant. Deliberately they walked to within four feet of me. I kept my eyes steadfastly fixed on them, paying no attention to anything else; but I became aware that the Major and Alfred West, both armed, were standing by my side.

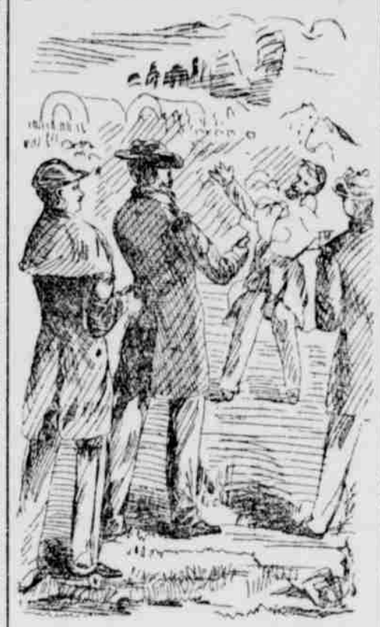
The two mutineers halted. The Texan spoke:

"Segeant, get out of the way."

"Back to your duty, both of you!"

The Swede gave a loud laugh.

"You'd better understand that your authority is ended," he said. "We've nothing against you, nor this officer here; and as



I shot him straight through the heart.

for you, Alf West—you traitor!—we'll settle with you by-and-by. We want the money in that ambulance. Stand aside!"

He took a step forward. The instant had come to which I had been painfully but resolutely looking forward. I shot him straight through the heart. He threw up his arms and fell dead without a word.

In less than one minute the mutiny was ended. The Texan ran back into the group behind him.

"Throw down your arms, every man!" I shouted. "Your lives are already forfeited. Down with your arms!"

A bold front, a resolute act, and the influence of authority carried the day. The principal mutineers gave up their arms; the bugler by my direction again sounded the call, and it was instantly obeyed. Waiting only long enough to bury the Swede, the column took the route again. In three more days we reached the fort, and during that time there was not another sign of mutiny. My pistol had extinguished it.

I rather anticipated that the dozen disarmed conspirators would desert at one of the night halts, and I was not sorry when they did. They well knew what punishment awaited them, and they preferred the dangers of the route back to the Brazos. Some of them were caught and killed by Apaches; others were arrested and returned to the army and to punishment.

Upon my report of all that had occurred upon this expedition, I was not only exonerated, but my conduct was highly complimented.

Soon after we reached the fort the men of the detachment were drafted into several regiments and I lost sight of them.

Twenty years after these occurrences I was ordered to report to Captain West, at Washington, on some duty. It never entered my head that this could be my little Corporal Alfred, but no sooner had I entered the office than a tall, fine-looking officer shouted out my name, and grasped both of my hands.

"Bless me, Sergeant," he cried, "but I'm glad to see you again! Do you remember that night on the Brazos when poor little West was homesick, and how you cheered him up and put heart into him? That was the turning-point of my career."

I *was* a little proud then.

Origin of the Hornpipe, Reel, and Ji .

The dance called the hornpipe is said by Brewer to have originated in the west of England. The Imperial Dictionary describes it as a dance which originated in England and is very popular with British sailors. The reel is defined by the Imperial as a lively dance peculiar to Scotland. All the dictionaries define the reel as a lively Scottish dance. Hannah More writes to a friend: "As Westmoreland was so near to Scotland, you would naturally be fond of a reel." A jig was originally a lively tune, and was afterward applied to a quick, light dance which followed the music. The Irish jig is a dancing tune of two or three sections, written in six-eighth time, and the dance to which it is played is a great favorite with the festive Irish. The jig, however, is not peculiar to Ireland. Shakspeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," act 2, scene 1, speaks twice of wooing, as "like a Scotch jig, hot and hasty."—*Journal of Commerce.*

HE who is always in want of something cannot be very rich. He is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mien, inventions, and actions of others.

THE LABOR HORIZON.

Items of Interest to Employers and Employed.

The Boom in All Industries Continues—Building Interests Looking Prosperous—The Labor Organizations.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Labor is in steadily increasing demand throughout the country. Immigration will increase the supply of both skilled and unskilled labor, and no general advance in the rate of machine-shop and mill labor is regarded as probable. Employers are taking more decided grounds against labor dictation and demands, and are gaining an occasional victory. The general industrial prospect is inviting, and a great amount of work is awaiting its turn. Raw material is scarce, stocks are everywhere low, mills are sold up, and frequently orders are not accepted. Trade organizations are strong and confident, and if labor disputes can be avoided the year will be one of phenomenal prosperity.

Cotton goods manufacturers are not meeting with as much success in establishing an export trade as their mechanical appliances, cheap fuel and cheap cotton call for. Great Britain's cotton goods exportations last year were 4,850,000,000 yards, while this country's shipments fell below 200,000,000 yards. China takes six yards of British cotton cloth to one from us; South America, sixteen; Central America, seven. The East Indies take nearly one-half of the British product. Brazil takes over 240,000,000 yards from Great Britain, while we export less than 8,000,000 yards.

The salesgirls of the Grand street, New York, dry goods stores have formed two assemblies. The reporters on the New York dailies have been granted a charter, which is the first of its kind. The New York elevator-men have been telling secrets, and thirty of them have been expelled. The jewelers have an assembly of their own. The dry goods salesmen consider themselves the most aristocratic assembly in the order. The great membership of District Assembly No. 49 is to be reduced by the formation of six industrial councils.

The building trades in all large cities west of the Alleghenies are better organized this year than last, but for all that more conservatism prevails. The number of strikes is trifling. Stonemasons and bricklayers evince a strong dislike to idleness during the building season. The plumbers and painters are more inclined to make trouble. Printers are finding increased employment. Machinists find work more abundant and wages better than they have been for years.

Late reports from Western cities show that great activity in building operations will prevail. Small houses, something after the Philadelphia pattern, will be erected in large numbers, which can be rented or sold on reasonable terms. Workingmen are exhibiting a desire to buy, and in many localities every opportunity is offered them to obtain homes.

The textile manufacturers here and elsewhere have been greatly encouraged by the steady inflow of orders during the past few weeks. Prices are higher and the tone of the market firmer. Manufacturers are, therefore, ordering additional capacity. All the machinery-making establishments are very busy, and no labor troubles exist or are threatened.

A hosiery mill is to be erected at Louisville. A large cotton mill addition is being made at Rome. The Southern textile mill capacity will be largely increased this summer. Within thirty miles of Charlotte, N. C., twelve cotton factories turn out $2,000,000 worth of goods annually.

Manufacturers generally are increasing their output and booking orders for future delivery at the same mill or factory price that has been ruling for the past three months. The upward tendency in prices has been arrested, but the upward tendency in wages continues.

All through the New England iron centers there is great activity. The loom manufacturers have all they can do. Cotton-goods mills are particularly active. The car shops are driven to their fullest capacity, and all the New England roads are adding to their rolling stock.

A Manchester (Eng.) mechanic, after taking bids for the furnishing of flexible shoe-nailing machines in several English machinery centers, placed his order in Boston, where he found he could make them cheaper, including ocean freights.

American pump-makers are crowding English-made pumps out of the Indian markets. They are even selling in England, and have forced English prices down. The competition is both in hand and horse-power pumps.

The miners in the East have shared in the improvement, but in the West more or less latent discontent exists. All through the Ohio Valley the iron, coal, lumber, and machinery interests are prospering.

Boot and shoe employers say their employes are earning higher wages than are paid to workers in any other mechanical industry. They say the average is for women $9, for men at the bench, $15 to $18.

Thousands of women and girls in New York who have heretofore worked in shops are now working at home as manufacturers, finding the item of shop expenses equal to a fair margin of profit.

The boot and shoe lockout continues in Massachusetts, and neither side exhibits signs of weakening. Nearly one-half the usual force is at work, it is said, on the non-union basis.

Less than 10,000 men struck during March. Fifteen thousand iron and steel employes in Chicago and the Northwest have had their wages increased 9 per cent.

The backbone of the dyers' strike in Paterson has been broken. New hosiery mills are projected. The carpet manufacturers have lately started up idle looms.

The reduction in postage from 3 to 2 cents has greatly increased the demand for envelopes, and a great many establishments are now working night and day.

A MEDICAL SENSATION.

Discovery of a Cure for Consumption—Some Astonishing Results Accomplished.

Injections of Carbonic Acid Gas Said to Be a Sovereign Remedy for the Disease.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Probably no discovery in the practice of medicine during many years has awakened more interest on the part of physicians than the system of treatment of phthisis which is now being given a trial at the Philadelphia Hospital by Physician-in-chief T. N. McLaughlin, assisted by Drs. E. T. Bruen and R. A. Taylor. This treatment, which is simply rectal injections of carbonic acid gas, is not original with Dr. McLaughlin, although he is the first to give it a trial in this country, but is the result of experiments made years ago by Claude Bernard, an eminent French physician. Dr. Bernard experimented with lower animals, and found that gases which were known to be poisonous when inhaled produced no injurious results when introduced into the intestines. Beyond this point his investigations were not carried; but a few years ago Professor Bergeron, of Lyons, commenced a series of experiments to ascertain the effects of various gases thus introduced into the human system. In the course of his investigations he found that certain gases applied through the rectum produced marked results in persons suffering from phthisis or consumption. Before announcing this discovery he made it the subject of careful study for two years, experimenting upon numerous patients, and not only found that carbonic-acid gas, when properly introduced into the intestines, had a beneficial effect upon the patient, but also had the satisfaction of effecting a permanent cure in several cases of consumption. Last August Professor Bergeron embodied the results of his investigations in a paper which was read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris. His discovery was received with incredulity by many and with ridicule by more, but the physicians in the Paris hospitals began experiments in the line indicated by Professor Bergeron with results similar to those obtained by him.

A few months ago Dr. McLaughlin read of the marvelous accomplishments of the French physicians and determined to make a test of the system in the treatment of some of the patients under his charge. Accordingly he prepared the necessary apparatus, and asked a number of patients in the advanced stages of phthisis if they were willing to undergo the treatment, being assured that it would not be in the least harmful, and might prove very beneficial. At first only a few of the more aggravated sufferers availed themselves of the treatment, but as the wonderful results became manifest many others requested to be placed under the same treatment. The 10th day of February and the few days following all other medical treatment of the subjects was entirely stopped and no remedy but carbonic-acid gas was administered.

The method of administering the gas is very simple, and when properly followed produces no pain in the patient and but little inconvenience. The apparatus used by Drs. McLaughlin, Bruen and Taylor is exceedingly simple, consisting of a rubber gas-bag of a capacity of four or five gallons and a Woulf bottle, such as is used by chemists for washing or saturating gases, and the necessary connections of rubber tubing. The flask is filled with hot water bearing in solution sodium chloride and sodium sulphide in the proportion of five grains of each to twenty-four ounces of water. The rubber bag is filled with gaseous carbonic acid and connected by tubing with the bottle in such a way that pressure upon the bag will force its contents through the liquid and thence through a rubber fitted with a syringe tube. By pressure upon the bag the gas is forced into the intestines. The pressure is carefully regulated so as not to produce any pain in the patient, and the whole operation lasts but ten to twenty minutes.

The treatment of the chosen patients has been continued regularly since Feb. 10, from one to five pints of the gas being administered to each subject twice daily, and with results thus far but little short of miraculous. One of the most interesting cases is that of a man about 48 years of age, who has been sick for about nineteen months. Feb. 10, when he was put under the gas treatment, he was so weak as to be unable to turn around in bed, and so emaciated that his bones nearly protruded through his skin. He was unable to retain nourishment of any sort, was continually covered with a cold, clammy perspiration, and had an almost incessant cough which caused intense pain in the chest. He was so far gone that the physicians said he would not live forty-eight hours. When seen yesterday after six weeks' treatment, he sat up in bed and said that he had been up and about the ward, and that he had not had a sweat for two weeks. His appetite was good, he said, and his food caused him no trouble. He rested well at night, his cough had almost entirely disappeared, and with it the pains in his chest.

Another interesting case is that of a man who has been suffering from phthisis for two years, and had been under treatment in the hospital for three months, during which time he had not left his bed. His general symptoms were similar to those of the patient above mentioned. Gas was first administered to him Feb. 13. One month later he walked down three flights of stairs, to be weighed, and climbed back to his ward afterward. After another week he again made the trip, and his weight showed a gain of three pounds during the week. Yesterday he was walking about in the hospital, and said that he felt very much better and stronger.

There are some twenty odd cases in the hospital under the same treatment, and all have shown equally remarkable improvement.